THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Windsor-Castle, 11th of 6th mo. 1687.

Dear John Clause and Peter Hendricks,

Beloved Friends and Brethren,

In the everlasting truth, by which we, that were strangers to God, and one unto another, are made nigh in the heavenly relation, my soul salutes you; even in that power in which we have been most dearly comforted, and built up together: and the Lord be with you, and let his dew rest upon your branch, and every plant that his right hand hath planted in that land. My God and your God be in the midst of you, to the shewing forth of his name to the ends of the land. O friends, up and be doing; be zealous, be loving, be circumspect and be tender, that you may serve the Lord in your day. Salute me to your wives and families, and to friends as if named; as Bar. Vantongre, J. Roloffs, Wm. Sewell, J. Clause, the honest Wm. Merchant, and their families. You have heard how things have gone here as to friends and truth; indeed, things are well. I was lately at Bristol, vast meetings there, and by the way; three, four, and five thousand at a meeting: the magistrates yielding their state-house in many places: what have friends to do but to keep low, and walk with the Lord in the leadings and life of his blessed and unchangeable truth. I have been long in your debt in Christ, but you will forgive me. Salute me to the churches in those regions.—Grace, mercy and peace, from God our Father, and his Son, and our Lord Jesus Christ, be shed and multiplied upon and among you. God is setting up his standard, and his despised truth will break out upon those countries as a morning without clouds. So dear friends, in the life dwell, go forth only in that, and you will go safely; in this hold your fellowship and meetings, and the Lord God Almighty be with you forever.

I am your friend and brother in the everlasting gospel,

WM. PENN.

Let this be read, if you see fit in the assemblies of God's people. Farewell in the Lord.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Stanzas written at a distance from home during a Snow storm.

Hail-all hail, ye sleety showers,
That whiten all the frozen ground;
What tho' your baneful influence pours
Sad desolation all around;

Though your cold touch forbids the bloom,
Of sprightly health and youthful firs;
And lost beneath the wintry gloom,
In dull discordance sinks the lyre:

Yet will I hail your rising sway,
Tho' dull the calm it spreads around;
I'll joy me with the cheerless day,
"It suits the tenour" of my mind.

Hail to the wintry winds that blow,
From Alleghany's frozen steep;
And where his waters wildly flow,
Embrown the bosom of the deep.

Foes to the smile of social love,
That erst enjoy'd the summer day;
Your deepen'd shades surround the grove,
And keep intrusive friends away.

Then in this solitary hour,
While here I sit a prey to gloom;
Let fancy full exert her power,
And bear the lonely wanderer home.

Place fair in view the social scene,
The season of sincere delight;
The smile of love, the sportive vein,
That wakes to mirth the wintry night.

Where friendship, in sweet union join'd,
Congenial minds and kindred hearts;
Where judgement pure, and taste refin'd,
The charm of pelish'd life imparts.

Ah! why did I these joys forego,
Through scenes of novelty to roam;
Alone to tread the wintry snow,
A wanderer from my native home.

Z.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Reflections occasioned by a view of the Spring.

This season, like the spring time of life, presents to our view, many objects of beauty and scenes of lively expectation. The eye is pleased with the verdure: The ear is delighted with the singing of the feathered tribes among the groves. The mind of innocence contemplates on these things with harmonious rapture. The humble spirit is elevated, and beholds herein—traces of a hand Divine; and when beholding, adores the beneficent Father of the universe.

Ye sweet songsters of the grove, well may ye rejoice, for ye have obeyed the law our Maker gave you; ye continue in that sphere in which ye were placed by him who confers on all his obedient creatures such a measure of the emanations of his purity, as makes them happy in existence.

But thou, O man! art stationed higher than these; even "lord of the creation," and destined for immortality. And as the recompense which awaits thy well-doing exceeds that of thy inferiors; so likewise, must thy dangers and thy cares proportionably exceed theirs. In this world is only the beginning of thy existence: but here thou mayest lay a sure foundation for *eternal bliss.*

Fellow heirs of immortality! we may reasonably conclude that the most important business we can be engaged in, is, to make preparation for eternity, by living a life of virtue. As a celebrated writer observes, "We must in this life acquire habits of piety, if we would enjoy the happiness of that which is to come: for heaven is not so much the reward of a virtuous life, as the consequence of it."

To prepare for the subsistence and convenience of the body, is evidently an inferior duty. An excessive anxiety on

account of temporal things is, doubtless, contrary to the design of the gracious Creator. We suppose a difference between us and inferior creatures, in that when they die, they sleep forever. We likewise believe they continue in their original destination, while our race has fallen. Let us look on them then, and be instructed: "ask the beasts and they shall teach thee, and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee; and the fishes of the sea, and they shall declare unto thee." Thus may it be discovered that happiness is found, only, where no lawless passions rage, where love abounds, where the Supreme is reverenced, and his laws observed.

TIMON.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

THE SYLPH.

Sylphs, the midnight hour is nigh;
Haste, your airy harps prepare;
Fluttering zephyrs softly sigh,
Breathing fragrance thro' the air.

Hung aloft by magic spell,
Silver lamps shall gleam around:
Each resume his sylvan shell,
Let the notes of joy resound.

First the votive anthem raise
To the great supernal power;
Pay to him the song of praise,
Grateful for this blissful hour.

ANTHEM.

All hail! omniscient power divine!
Thou first great cause of life and light,
By whose command these planets shine
Whose glories cheer the silent night—

To thee we owe the joys which here,
At this still hour, we nightly share,
The treasures of the opening year,
And all that's lovely, all that fair.

This wheeling globe, whose daily round
Is guided by thy bounteous power,
Through which our songs of joy resound
From mossy grot and shadowy bower.

Adorn'd by thee, with verdure smiles,
With towering trees and flowrets dress'd,
With lonely glens, with sylvan aisles,
And bowers that circling vines invest.

At thy command, old ocean's waves
Serenely bear the wanderer home;
Or when the furious tempest raves,
O'erwhelm him in their billowy foam.

Almighty lord! from thee proceed
The joys which crown this festive hour;
Still as we frolic o'er the mead,
Protect us with thy heavenly power.

Now lead down the mystic dance;
Wake to notes of mirth the lyre;
O'er the lake, the moon beam's glance
Yields a soften'd mimic fire.

Mortals, sunk in balmy sleep,
Taste a short relief from care,
Save where guilt and mis'ry weep
Round the bed of dark despair.

SONG.

When th' expiring beams of light
Usher in the coming night;
Mid the the twilight's thick'ning gloom,
Which no trembling rays illume;
In a deep-embowering cell
We prepare the mystic spell.

When bright Cynthia rises high,
And the midnight hour is nigh;
When the fearful bounding fawn
For the forest quits the lawn;
Thro' the dew we dance along
To our airy minstrel's song.

Oft on ocean's shelving shore
Where the dashing billows roar,
While the tempests howl around,
Light'nings flash, and rock the ground,
Midst the raging of the storm,
We our mystic rites perform.

When Aurora's glimm'ring ray
Leads aloft the infant day;
As the shepherd plods along,
Piping loud his matern song;
We upon his steps attend:
Every sylph's the shepherd's friend.

When the Sun's meridian beam
Dances on the glittering stream;
When the herds to shades retreat,
From the noontide's fervid heat;
In a cool sequester'd bower
We enjoy the sultry hour.

Cease—the cock proclaims the morn;
From her bed Aurora springs;
Loud the hunter's early horn
Thro' the echoing valley rings.

Hence away—for mortal feet
Hither bend across the plain;
To your secret caves retreat—
Hence—at night we meet again.

ARIEL.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Having been much delighted with the project which a most benevolent gentleman not long since, communicated to the public through the medium of your paper, I gave the subject a second thought; and deeming it to be a work of no ordinary magnitude, and likely to be of wonderful utility to a numerous part of the community, I take the liberty of suggesting for the consideration of the projector, whether it may not be an additional advantage to fit up an apartment for those *Loungers* who are addicted to the practice of excessive *free-drinking*. I have latterly observed about our streets, numbers of those creatures subjected to great inconveniencies:—Their journey was much retarded by continual "*tacking*," and of course many obstructions presented, such as posts, steps, walls, &c. where they often struck, and sometimes seemed to cast anchor. And although they appeared to possess but a moderate share of sensibility, there remains no doubt but that their corporeal feelings were many times incommoded. Along the wharves another serious inconvenience presented; by falling into the river, if not effectually absorbed, they could only be fished out with difficulty, and experience the disagreeable feelings attendant upon an unexpected cold bath.

Thus having the condition of these people a little represented to your ingenious correspondent, perhaps he may be induced to make provision for their accommodation, by furnishing the proposed apartment with a lining of cotton, and as much of acid liquor as their necessities require.

JACK SAILOR.

April 20th.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO EVENING.

Hail! pensive Evening, how I love
Thy melancholy reign,
When zephyrs wave the distant grove,
And silence fills the plain.

Save, where yon Red-breast wild,
To deeply listening glades,
Tells with what charms the morning smil'd,
And hails approaching shades.

Thou wooer of declining light,
Thy homage like my own,
Is paid to scenes of past delight,
To orbs whose beams *have shone*.

The parting sun with soften'd eye,
Views his diurnal care;
And day respires his latest sigh,
Thro' all the yielding air.

EMMA.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The subserviency of science to the elucidation of the Sacred Writings, is particularly apparent in the following extract; and the several facts and inferences thence deducible, I remember, peculiarly affected my mind on perusing them. From astronomical calculation, the eras of the Saviour's birth and sufferings as to the year, are fixed with certainty; and the common era, or account, called the year of our Lord, is found erroneous, in its making a chasm of four years; so that the present year is, in reality, not 1805, but 1809. S.

The vulgar era of Christ's birth was never settled till the year 527, when Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman Abbott, fixed it to the end of 4713th year of the Julian

period, which was four years too late.—For our Saviour was born before the death of Herod, who sought to kill him as soon as he heard of his birth. And according to the testimony of Josephus (B. xvii. chap. 8th) there was an eclipse of the moon in the time of Herod's last illness, which eclipse appears by our astronomical tables to have been in the year of the Julian period 4710, March 13th, at 3 hours past midnight, at Jerusalem. Now as our Saviour must have been born some time before Herod's death, since in the interval he was carried into Egypt, the latest time in which we can fix the true era of his birth is about the end of the 4709th year of the Julian period.

There is a remarkable prophecy delivered to us in the ninth chapter of the book of Daniel, which from a certain epoch, fixes the time of restoring the state of the Jews, and of building the walls of Jerusalem, the coming of the Messiah, his death, and the destruction of Jerusalem.—But some parts of this prophecy (ver. 25) are so unjudiciously pointed in our English translation of the bible, that, if they be read according to those stops of pointing, they are quite unintelligible. But the learned Dr. Predeaux, by altering these stops, makes the sense very plain: and as he seems to me to have explained the whole of it better than any author I have read on the subject, I shall set down the whole of the prophecy according as he has pointed it, to shew in what manner he has divided it into four different parts. Ver. 24. Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and the prophecy, and to anoint the most holy. Ver. 25. Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto the Messiah, the Prince shall be seven weeks and three score and two weeks, the street shall be built again, and the wall even in troublesome times. Ver. 26. And after three score and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself; and the people of the prince that shall come, shall destroy the city and the sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined. Ver. 27. And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate.———This commandment was given to Ezra by Artaxerxes Longimanus, in the seventh year of that king's reign. (Ezra, ch. vii. ver. 11—26) Ezra began the work which was afterwards accomplished by Nehemiah: in which they met with great opposition and trouble from the Samaritans and others, during the first seven weeks; or 49 years. From this accomplishment till the time of Christ's messenger, John the Baptist, began to preach the kingdom of the Messiah, 62 weeks or 434 years. From thence to the beginning of Christ's public ministry, half a week, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ years.—And from thence to the death of Christ, half a week, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, in which half week he preached and confirmed the gospel with many. In all from the going forth of the commandment, till the death of Christ, 70 years or 490 years. And lastly, in a very striking manner, the prophecy foretells what should come to pass after the expiration of the seventy weeks; namely, the destruction of the city and sanctuary by the people of the prince that should come, which were the Roman armies, under the command of Titus their prince, who came upon Jerusalem like a torrent with their idolatrous images, which were an abomination to the Jews; and under which they marched against them, invaded their land, and besieged their holy cities, and by a calamitous war, brought such utter destruction upon both, that the Jews have never been able to recover themselves even to this day.

Now both by the undoubted canon of Ptolemy, and the famous era of Nabonassar, the beginning of the seventh year and the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, king of Persia, (who is called Ahasuerus in the book of Esther) is pinned down to the 4256th year of the Julian period, in which year he gave Ezra the above mentioned ample commission. From which count 490 years to the death of Christ, and it will carry the same to the 4746th year of the Julian period. On Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath: and it is plain from St. Mark, ch. xv. ver. 54, that Christ was crucified on a Friday, seeing the crucifixion was on the day next before the Jewish Sabbath. And according to John, ch. xviii. ver. 28, on the day that the passover was to be eaten, at least by many of the Jews.—The Jews reckoned their months by the moon, and their years by the apparent revolution of the sun; and they ate the passover on the 14th day of the month Nisan, which was the first month of their day, reckoning from the first appearance of the new moon, which at that time of the year might be on the evening of the day next after the change if the sky was clear. So that their 14th day of the month, answers to our fifteenth day of the moon, on which she is in full. Consequently the passover was always kept on the day of the full moon.

And the full moon at which it was kept was that one which happened next after the vernal equinox. For Josephus expressly says (Antiq. B. iii. ch. 10) "the passover was kept on the 14th day of the month Nisan, according to the moon when the sun was in aries."—And the sun always enters aries at the instant of the vernal equinox, which in our Saviour's time fell on the 22d March.

The dispute among chronologers about the year of Christ's death is limited to 4 or 5 years at most. But as we have shewn that Christ was crucified on the day of a paschal full moon, and on a Friday, all that we have to do in order to ascertain the year of his death, is only to compute in which of those years there was a passover full moon on a Friday. For, the full moons anticipate eleven days every year (12 lunar months being so much short of a solar year,) and therefore, once in every three years at least, the Jews were obliged to set their passover a whole month forwarder than it fell by the course of the moon, on the year next before, in order to keep it at the full moon next after the equinox.

"Therefore there could not be two passovers on the same nominal day of the week within the compass of a few neighbouring years. And I find by calculation, the only passover full moon that fell on a Friday, for several years before or after the disputed year of the crucifixion, was on the 3d of April, in the 4746th year of the Julian period, which was the 490th year after Ezra received the above mentioned commission from Artaxerxes Longimanus, according to Ptolemy's canon, and the year in which the Messiah was to be cut off, according to the prophecy, reckoning from the going forth of that commission or commandment: and this 490th year was the 33d year of our Saviour's age, reckon-

ing from the vulgar era of his birth; but the 37th reckoning from the true era thereof. And when we reflect on what the Jews told him some time before his death (John viii. 57.) "Thou art not yet fifty years old," we must confess that it should seem likelier to have been said to a person near forty, than to one just turned of thirty; and we may easily suppose that St. Luke expressed himself in round numbers, when he said that Christ was baptized about the 30th year of his age, when he began his public ministry; as our Saviour himself did when he said he should lie three days and three nights in the grave. The 4746th year of the Julian period which we have astronomically proved to be the year of the crucifixion, which was the 4th year of the 202d Olympiad; in which year, Phlegon, a Heathen writer, tells us there was the most extraordinary eclipse of the sun that ever was witnessed. But I find by calculation, that there could be no total eclipse of the sun at Jerusalem, in a natural way, in that year. So that what Phlegon here calls an eclipse of the sun, seems to have been the great darkness for three hours at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion, as mentioned by the Evangelists: a darkness altogether supernatural, as the moon was then in the side of the heavens opposite to the sun, and therefore could not possibly darken the sun to any part of the earth.

The Effects of Spring on some Minds.

The effects of the return of Spring have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable world. The reviving power of this season has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower classes of beings up to man. Gladness and joy are described as prevailing through universal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carol of the birds, and the pipe of the shepherd.

I know not if it be of a singular, or of a censurable disposition, that I have often felt in my own mind something very different from this gaiety, supposed to be the inseparable attendant of the vernal scene. Amidst the returning verdure of the earth, the mildness of the air, and the serenity of the sky, I have found a still and quiet melancholy take possession of my soul, which the beauty of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, rather soothed than overcame.

Perhaps some reason may be given why this sort of feeling should prevail over the mind, in those moments of deeper pensiveness to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the season of remembrance.—We are surrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in years that are past. Winter, which stopped the progression of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderness than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extensive field, and in such a disposition of mind, objects of cheerfulness and delight are, from those very qualities, the most adapted to inspire that milder sort of sadness which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleasant and mournful to the soul."—They will inspire this, not only from the recollection of the past, but from the prospect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidst the sportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the sorrows of age. This effect will, at least, be commonly felt by persons who have lived long enough to see, and had reflection enough to observe, the vicissitudes of life. Even those who have never experienced severe calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thousand instances of fallacious promises and disappointed hopes. The dream of childhood and the project of youth, have vanished to give place to things of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural scene which spring first unfolds to us, we are apt to recall the former state, with an exaggerated idea of its happiness, and to feel the present with encreased dissatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory stops not with the representation of ourselves; it traces also the companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy sort of recollection to think over the names of our school-fellows, and to consider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the sweep of time, have left within our reach. This however, is less pointed than the reflection on the fate of those, whom affinity or friendship linked to our side, whom distance of place, premature death, (sometimes not a less painful consideration) estrangement of affection, has disjoined from us forever.

I am not sure if the disposition to reflection of this sort be altogether a safe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may disqualify the mind for the more active and bustling scenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary society; but, in a certain degree, I am persuaded it may be found useful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on things of this life. But a man under the impressions I have described, will be led to look into himself, and will see the vanity of setting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unsocial spirit, which gloomy and ascetic severities inspire; but the gentle, and not unpleasing melancholy that will be diffused over his soul, will fill it with a calm and sweet benevolence, will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but in a heart the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralists, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence and humanity. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard: it offers pleasure to the present hour; and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper, will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice; or the intemperate amusements of folly. [*Mir.*]

TO TRUTH.

Truth, fairest virgin of the sky,
With robes of light, and beaming eye,
And temples crown'd with day;
O thou of all the cherub choir,
That boast's to wake the sweetest lyre
And chant the softest lay.

By him, who midst his country's tears
Stood moveless to a thousand fears,
And smil'd at racks and death;
By Persia's turban'd heroes bold,
And all the Spartan chiefs of old
That bow'd thy shrine beneath;

By holy Virtue's vestal flame,
By laurell'd Honour's stately name,
And cheek-bedimpl'd Love;
O lift from thy majestic head
The veil that, o'er its tresses spread,
Doubt's fairy fingers wove.

Thee, chaste Religion's virgin breast,
And Hope, with fair unruffled vest,
Their lovely sister hail;
Simplicity with lillied crown,
And Innocence untaught to frown,
And Peace that loves the vale.

The dæmon that usurps thy day,
And casts upon its blemish'd ray
The poison of his tongue;
O bid him, from thy dazzling sight,
Shrink back into eternal night,
His kindred fiends among.

And, in the horrors of his train,
Let Discord seek his yelling reign,
Nor haunt thy path serene;
While Guilt, on ev'ry sullen wind,
Starts pale and trembling from behind
His wild and wizard mien,

Then o'er thy flow'r-enamell'd way
Shall youth, in artless frolic gay,
His rustic hymns increase;
While Britain, raptur'd at the sound,
Shouts to her echoing shores around,
"Truth, Liberty, and Peace!"

Hunt.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

In treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from Masters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public, or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons more bustling lives, and more dissipated attentions. To the *Lounger*, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of Peter on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room, which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which I am vain enough to think a bad man were incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious mistake, which I have sometimes seen parents guilty of in the education of their children to encourage and incite in them a haughty and despotic behaviour to their servants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accustom them to consider the services of their attendants as perfectly compensated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindness, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind must indeed necessarily happen in the great and fluctuating establishments of fashionable life; but I am sorry to see it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumstances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's household were wont to be conspicuous, and exertions of friendship and magnanimity in the cause of a master used to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of most old families.

When I was, last autumn, at my friend Colonel Caustic's in the country, I saw there, on a visit to Miss Caustic, a young gentleman and his sister, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whose appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleased.—"The history of their parents," said my friend, "is somewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recall it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family-name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity, and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. *Albert Bane* (the sirname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful Lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still the constant companion of his excursions, and the associate of his sports.

"On one of those latter occasions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himself, and of whose qualities he was proud, happened to mar the sport which his master expected, who, irritated at the disappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his resentment, he missed. Albert, to whom *Oscar* was as a child, remonstrated against the rashness of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his master, ruffled as he was with the accident, and conscious of being in the wrong, to bear. In

his passion he struck his faithful attendant; who suffered the indignity in silence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the nearest town, enlisted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign service. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which some of the first families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among those who joined the standard of *Charles*, was the master of Albert.

"After the battle of *Culloden*, so fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chace, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time, like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect in its sublimity, without its horror.—"At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard, in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shots re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation well nigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left."

"One day," continued he, "the noise was nearer than usual; and at last, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After sometime of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the further end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was *Oscar*; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of Heaven—Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with the bayonet charged.—It was Albert! shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him.—"My master," said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himsels at my feet, I had recovered my recollection. "You are revenged," said I, "and I am your prisoner."—"Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that fatal one on which I left my master; but I have lived, I hope to save him. The party to which I belong are passed; for I lingered behind them among those woods and rocks which I remembered so well spent in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be lost. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not suspect that it shelters you. Take my dress, which may help your escape, and I will endeavour to dispose of yours. On the coast, to the westward, we have learned there is a small party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till dusk, and then striking over the shoulders of the hill, you may join without much danger of discovery."—"I felt the disgrace of owing so much to him I had injured, and remonstrated against exposing him to such eminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my escape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be instant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and distress, besought me to think only of my own safety—"Save us both," said he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the blessing of God be with his master!"

Albert's prayer was heard. His master, by the exercise of talents which, though he had always possessed, adversity only taught him to use, acquired abroad a station of equal honour and emolument; and when the proscriptions of party had ceased, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raised him, married to a Lady, by whom he had got some little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whose native endowments it was the chief study and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could bestow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happiness of his follower, whose honest pride was not long after gratified; by his daughter's becoming the wife of that master whom his generous fidelity had saved. That master, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again restored to the domain of his ancestors, and had the satisfaction of seeing the grandson of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Caustic on a visit to this gentleman's house, and was delighted to observe his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unassuming happiness of the good old man, conscious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it escape my notice, that the sweet boy and girl, who had been our guests at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white spaniel, whom they caressed much after dinner, whose name was *Oscar*. [*Lounger.*]

Thomas Story an eminent Minister among the people called Quakers, when in Ireland on a religious visit, was informed by a woman of good sense and character, that she was in the city of Cork, when it was invested by King William's army; and having a little daughter of her's with her, they were sitting together on a squab: and being much concerned in mind, about the danger and circumstances they were under, she was seized with a sudden fear and strong impulse to arise from that seat, which she did in a precipitant manner, and hasted to another part of the room; and then was in the like concern for her child, to whom she called with uncommon earnestness, to come to her, which she did; immediately after which came a cannon ball and struck the seat all in pieces, and drove the parts about the room, without any hurt to either of them. Thus we see that in this quiet and thoughtful frame of mind the voice of wisdom is to be heard. We may conclude the action was singular and no doubt the impulse very strong, yet we have reason to believe this is the proper

state of mind to endeavour after, to hear and understand that voice which was neither in the wind, earthquake nor fire.

D. T.

TRIPOLI, JULY 17.

The view exhibited by Tripoli, increases in beauty as you draw nearer to it. This town is situated on the borders of the sea, at the foot of an immense forest of palm-trees.

The kingdom of Tripoli, so called from having formerly had under its jurisdiction the three great towns of Sabrata, Oea, and Leptis Magna, is neither so populous nor so rich as Tunis. Tripoli, the capital, is built upon the spot where formerly stood the ancient Abrotonum, and is surrounded with good fortifications. The houses are built of brick and stone, and are but one story high: they are white-washed; and this, added to the dust and rubbish with which the streets are filled, occasions the greater part of the inhabitants to have sore eyes; a complaint very prevalent among the Tunisians, owing to the same cause.—The gates of this place are arched, and so small that it is necessary to stoop in order to get through them; a custom established to render the passage more difficult in the time of an insurrection.

At the entrance into the city is a triumphal monument of the Composite order, which, according to the inscription, seems to have been erected in honour of Marcus Aurelius, and his colleague, on account of the victory which the latter obtained over the Armenians. The flowers, vine leaves, and trophies, are in good preservation; but the statues which are in the niches, have been destroyed; and the rage of superstition has mutilated the four busts placed above them, as well as all the figures in bas-relief. On that side of the arch, however, which contains the inscription, is an upright figure by the side of a woman sitting, and surrounded by little children, the drapery of which is perfectly entire. Some of the pieces of marble, of which this monument is composed, are of an enormous size. On account of the great heat, I was not able to copy what remains of the inscription.

Some of the Tripolitans, perceiving that we looked attentively at this monument, began to examine it also themselves; and one of them even extended his curiosity so far as to ask us, at what period the infidels had erected it.

The Franks enjoy privileges here, of very great importance in a country where the populace are under so little subordination. For example, if one of them happen to have been insulted, he has the right of causing the offender to be arrested by one of the Janissaries belonging to the consul of his nation, and taken before a judge. There are consuls here from France, England, Holland, Denmark, Spain, Venice, and Naples.

There are neither wells nor fountains in this place; and notwithstanding every precaution that can be taken to preserve the rain water, it often happens, in dry seasons, that none of it is to be found.

Roman and African medals, both of silver and copper, are found in this country: we purchased some copper ones, which have a horse's head on one side with a palm-tree and dates on the other.

We yesterday paid a visit to the Bey, who did us the honour to give us a particular audience in a spacious saloon. A great number of persons, among whom the most conspicuous was his own son, were standing before him, while a slave with a large fan made of swan's feathers cooled the air, and drove the flies from them. He was armed with pistols and poignards. You would naturally suppose that the first compliment was made by the consul. But this was not the case; a janissary, stepping before the company, advanced towards the Bey, and, after kissing his hands, spoke a few words to him. The Bey at last desired us to be seated; and soon after some slaves spread large pieces of muslin fringed with gold upon our knees, and brought us coffee and various sorts of *scerbet*. One of the slaves then poured rose-water over us, whilst another perfumed us with myrrh and aloes—all the while making several inclinations of the head.

The son of the Bey having expressed a wish to see our frigate, a council was held to determine whether this proceeding was consistent with his dignity; but it being observed that neither his father nor grandfather had ever been on board a foreign ship of-war, it was decided in the negative.

[*Register.*]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The Palmira, Capt. Remington arrived at Boston on the 26th ult. from Liverpool with late London papers, by which it appears that, though there was much *talk* of negociations for peace; there were no other indications of it. It was *reported*, that the answer of the Emperor Alexander to the communication by the British King, of Bonaparte's overture of peace, had been received in London; but the purport of it had not been communicated. It was certain, that treaties of alliance offensive and defensive, were in train of negociation between Great-Britain, and Russia and Sweden; though it was affirmed in the French papers, authoritatively, that an alliance, between England and Russia, would not take place; and that Prussia had undertaken to prevent a like treaty between Sweden and Great-Britain.

It was the prevailing opinion, that Portugal would not be suffered to continue neutral.

The French had marched a division of troops into Lubec [*one of the free imperial cities*] and demanded a heavy loan at the point of the bayonet; more, it was said, than the city could pay. This is not *very corroborative evidence* of the boasted exuberance of the French resources, under the new dynasty.

The Emperor Napoleon I. was, it was said, on the eve of setting out for Italy, accompanied by his holiness the Pope.—Some accounts say, to witness the coronation of his brother Joseph, as King of Lombardy:—Others, to be crowned King himself.

Teyoninhokerawen, or Capt. John Norton, the Mohawk Chief. Of the many strangers who have occasionally visited Bath, we may consider this interesting American as by no means the least respectable. Though his stay was little more than three days, yet this short interval was filled up with such numerous traits of an amiable disposition, and a vigorous intellect, as produced the most pleasing impressions of his character on all who were introduced to him. A proof of his possessing the qualities of a good temper, and great mental quickness, occurred at the Upper Rooms. A *Young* Englishman accosted him with several abrupt questions respecting his place of abode, and situation in life. To these Norton returned answers at once pertinent and modest. The inquirer, however, expressed himself dissatisfied with them; and hinted, that he believed him to be an impostor. Still the American preserved his temper. "Well but," replied the other, "if you really are what you pretend to be, how will you relish returning to the *savages* of your own country?" "Sir," replied Norton, with a glance of intelligence, "I shall not experience so great a change in my society as you may imagine, for I find there are *savages* in this country also." Animated with with the spirit of genuine patriotism, this generous Chieftain is unweariedly occupied during the intervals of his public business, in acquiring every species of useful knowledge, for the purpose of transporting it to his own country. He is engaged, under the auspices of Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Thornton, in the laborious employment of translating the

Gospel of St John into his native tongue.—Teyoninhokerawen appears to be about thirty-two years of age; his person is tall, and well proportioned, his countenance fine and intelligent. His mother being a Scotch woman, and he himself having spent two years in Edinburgh, has acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English to read it with ease, and speak it with fluency; the French language also is familiar to him. He possesses besides, a very considerable share of moral, political, and philosophical information. His wife is of his own tribe, and he has two children.

[*Bath Chronicle.*

A letter from London, by the Alexander, says, "there is some degree of alarm in this country on account of the prevalence of the typhus fever among the French prisoners at Bristol, and some other parts, with great mortality. It is said government is taking all the precaution they can to check its progress, but the people confound this disease with the cause of the late mortality in Spain, and dread the same consequences.

A letter from London states, that another bill had been brought into the British Parliament, for the abolition of the Slave Trade.—It was advocated by Messrs. Wilberforce, Barcham, Fox, and others; and opposed by Gen. Tarleton, Gen. Gascoigne, and others; when the question, "Shall the bill have a second reading?" was negatived 77 to 70.—The bill was therefore lost.

A letter from Bremen, mentions that a proclamation had been issued there, prohibiting the importation of all kinds of goods from the United States, the Spanish Main, Malaga, and Leghorn, and other ports which have been visited with the yellow fever, during the ensuing Spring, Summer and Fall, in consequence of the yellow fever having made its appearance in several parts of Germany.

We learn by an arrival from Porto Rico, (says the Norfolk Ledger,) that the army of Dessalines had closely invested the city of St. Domingo. A battery was erected at the mouth of the harbour to prevent the entry or departure of all vessels however loaded. The city has not more than two months provisions, and if not relieved before the expiration of that time, the besieged must submit to all the horrors with which an implicable hatred menaces them.

A letter from Tripoli says, "the attack of Commodore Preble has not contributed to render more unpleasant the situation of the American prisoners of war. They have a house within the castle; whatever, if it can be procured, I send them. The officers lately obtained permission to walk in the country, and to the Baths in the town. I hope that during the winter season (the best part of the year in Barbary) they will obtain more liberty."

Domestic.—*Loss of the ship China.*—The ship China sailed from Batavia the 9th of December, with a cargo of sugar and coffee, worth not less than 500,000 dollars.—On the 21st ult. they took a pilot on board, and at 11 o'clock that night she struck on the five fathom bank, about five leagues from our capes—she soon carried away her rudder; towards morning she drifted off, and they let go an anchor, but when hoisting the anchor it broke, and the wind coming on at N. W. she drove on the bank again, where, about three o'clock the day ollowing, she bilged, and soon had 6 or 7 feet water in her hold; by this time they had several pilot-boats along side, when they removed whatever they could of their baggage and cargo, to the amount of about 700 bags of coffee, on board the pilot-boats.—She was got off no less than three times, and as often driven on again, when a gale springing up, the pilot-boats, with the crew, were obliged to leave her. A person who was in the last boat that left her, says she was then off, and drifting towards the main. By the account of this person, it is not improbable her sails, rigging, and some other matters may be saved, should the weather continue moderate.

The United States have been unfortunate in the loss of ships from Batavia the last season; this being the fourth, within six or eight months, viz. the Samuel Smith and Canton, of and for Baltimore; the Maryland, for New York, and the China, of and for this port. To these we may add also, the capture of the Manhattan, for New York, taken by the British, as a loss in part, for, should she be cleared, the detention and expences will no doubt be very heavy. It is conjectured that the loss sustained by those concerned in the above five vessels will be little short of two millions of dollars, and to the revenue of the United States, had they arrived safe, they would have added between 2 and 300,000 dollars.

The ship China has since drifted ashore on Seven Mile Beach, and is taken possession of by the sheriff of the county.

A letter from Boston announces the disagreeable intelligence of the loss of the ship Jupiter, Law, from London, to N. York; occasioned by her running against an island of ice.—The crew and passengers, amounting to 50, took to the yawl and long boat. Those in the latter have been picked up.—This vessel is valued at 150,000*l.* sterling. It is greatly to be feared, that the Fair American, also from London to N. York, has shared a similar fate.

Accounts from New-Orleans to the 4th ult. are received by the Lyon, capt. Donavan, arrived yesterday morning. Papers to that date contain no news. Our correpondent informs, "The Louisiana Bank went into operation this day. The Cashier of the Branch Bank of the United States has arrived and purchased a house for the institution.—An Insurance Company, with a capital of 700,000 dollars, is now open for subscriptions in that city."

An "Inquisitor" in a Georgetown paper observes, that a number of very remarkable spots have been seen on the Sun for a month past. About one hundredth part of his face is now opaque—he is much darkened.

A person, who calls himself Miller, was lately apprehended in New York, and after an examination was committed to bridewell on a charge of having robbed a gentleman of his pocket book, containing nearly two thousand dollars, in an auction room in Philadelphia. Information of this circumstance has been forwarded to the Governor of Pennsylvania.

We learn that Dr. George Davis, of New York, is appointed by the President of the United States, Consul for the Regency of Tunis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Half Forty and his friends Murray and Philan, must excuse us for declining to insert their communications, as we apprehend it would be to prolong a controversy which, would afford but little utility or amusement to our readers. Provided it should allow them an opportunity of vanquishing their opponents, as few *honours* would they gain by overcoming a volunteer in the cause of the *fair*, as by shewing themselves *opposed* to "*A Friend to Propriety.*" When they become reconciled to our *gentle sisters*, and exert their genius (of which we are sensible they are not destitute) upon subjects more interesting, we shall be glad of the opportunity of introducing them to the circle of our readers.

Timothy Longshanks is perfectly correct when he says that "it is rather out of our line to publish tradesmen's advertisements." He will not therefore be surprised to find that we have omitted the one he has sent us.

The *Jingling Extra* is likewise inadmissible.

Respecting Ariel's doubts, our reading is either not so general, or our memories not so retentive, as to enable us to decide.

The observations of Hosres merit serious attention. If they produce not all the effect he may desire, they will at least remain as useful hints.

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